

Seems like its been forever

by Miss Pancake Slaughter

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror

Language: English

Characters: Michael M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-06-26 07:54:58

Updated: 2012-06-26 07:54:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:43:58

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,156

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: It s been over 14 years, and Tiffani s finally going to return to her childhood town. She s excited to see how everyone s grown up, especially him. Little does she know that he isn t who she thought he was. She ll quickly learn how the town has changed and if she can repair the relationship with him that was lost all those years ago. \*so far it's just an idea\*

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"Tiffani, you get out here this instant! You hear me? You wretched little girl!"

I clamped my hands over my ears.

\_(This wasn't happening, this isn't happening...!)\_ I thought of myself repeatedly.

"Tiffani! Where the hell are you?"

My father`s voice grew progressively louder and that`s when I knew I needed to run. If he found me, I would be tossed into the car and driven far, far away from here.

>My parents recently got a divorce and since my omother didn't want me, my father was forced to take me with him. We were going to Pennsylvania where we`d stay with Grandma until father could get back on his feet.<p>

But I didn't want to go; I didn't want to leave the only town I knew, the town I grew up in. I didn't want to leave all of my memories here, never see my mother or friends again... but most of all, I couldn't bear to leave him behind.

As I scurried out the back door, I ran onto the front yard, looking around for my father who seemed to be searching for me indoors. I sniffled and rubbed my moist eyes from the tears they had been

producing.

\_(If this was it, I only wanted to say one last goodbye to him.)\_

Taking off, I had my eyes set on a certain house that held my target. I just hope he was home. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I wasn't able to see his face one last time. As I approached the abode, I inhaled deeply.

"MICHEAL!" I shrieked at the top of my lungs.

Running up to his doorstep, I pounded on the door, desperate for an answer.

"Micheal, please open the door!" I cried heavily.

To my relief I heard a creak and saw the door swing open. The moment I saw his face, I fell to my knees in an ocean of tears. He seemed surprised at my condition and proceeded to kneel down beside me, placing a sympathetic hand on my back. He tilted his head and handed me a concerned glance.

"Tiffani...?" He uttered softly.

"I'm sorry, Mikey...! Th-this is it! My dad - my parents - they've already...!" I threw my arms over his shoulders and hugged him as tightly as I could. I was so distraught, I couldn't complete my sentence.

"You're going..." He stated blankly.

"Yes, this is the last time you're going to see me."

Micheal shook his head and widened his eyes.

"No, why? Your mom doesn't..?"

I shook and hung my head in shame.

"I'm doing to stay with my dad... in Pennsylvania. I don't know if I'm ever coming back. But I'll never forget you, Mikey! You're my bestest friend, I'll always think about you everyday! I promise!" I blubbered, trying to lighten the mood as best as I could.

He spoke not a word, but I could feel how upset he was.

Micheal was a very quiet person. He never spoke much and when he did, his sentences and thoughts tended to be broken. He wouldn't make much sense, speaking of strange things like "voices" and such. While he did play and hang out with the other kids, his odd personality and lack of voice kept him isolated from everyone else. Of course, there was I, Tiffani Hall, who never knew when to just stop and leave anybody alone. Even so, I was so glad to come up and sit next to him when I did. At first he seemed annoyed, but over time he grew to accept the fact that I was always going to be there. I would talk up a storm while he remained painfully muted. I used to think he would just ignore me, but now I realized that he truly was listening to me. He would actually have a want to be with me and talk. I was probably the only person close to him. Over our years, I grew to like him even

more and more. I don't think I could tell him or anybody else my secret, but now, when I knew I was going to lose him, I've come to my senses and saw how much I liked him. Even as I lay here, crying on his doorstep, I couldn't muster up the courage to tell him how I felt. Although, there was little point in doing that now. I wasn't going to be there and we couldn't be girlfriend or boyfriend when we got older. The terrifying reality that I wasn't going to see him anymore made me beyond melancholy.

"Why...?"

"I'm sorry, Micheal..."

We held each other in what seemed like a never-ending embrace. I looked towards him. His face was blank, his eyes enigmatic. This boy was so mysterious to me, I wanted to stay here forever and ever! I wanted to stay so that I could learn even more about him. I wanted to be there for him, because I knew he needed me. Our moment was interrupted by the sound of a car pulling up behind us.

"Get the hell away from him, Tiffani!"

It was my father. I gasped and shook my head, but he disregarded my protest. He ran up to us both and peeled me off of Micheal, tossing him aside. Yanking me by the wrist, my father dragged me to the car. I tried to pry my way out of his grip while looking behind me for Micheal. He was nowhere to be found.

"Micheal! I don't wanna go!"

"Bah, shut up! Enough with this bullshit! Tiffani, Micheal is nothing! You shouldn't be hanging out with retards anyway!"

"But there's nothing wrong with him!"

"Sure there is! The boy's a mute, a retard!"

I couldn't stand how ignorant he sounded. I yelled and kicked as I was thrown into the backseat of our car. I sat up and looked out the rear window. Micheal was standing behind the car, holding his hand out for me. I placed my hand up against the window for him to see. As the car began to drive away, I blinked my tears away as I watched Micheal getting smaller and smaller.

\_This was it. I was never going to see him ever again.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>Okay, so what are your opinions on this? Should I keep this going or not?<br>This is just my idea so far. I started a F13 fanfic with Jason and Sophia and since I was rewatching Halloween, I figured why not make one for Mikey-wikey?

>I'm not really sure on how Micheal was before he killed his sister, sooooo, I hope I didn't rustle anyones jimmies.<em>

End  
file.